Jingle My Bells

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Jingle My Bells

by TigerPrawn

Summary

When Bobby has to deal with an unruly mall Santa, he gets more than he bargained for.

“Jingle my bells, fucking pig,” Santa growled at Bobby. The last fucking straw.

Bobby grabbed his cuffs from his belt and snapped one around Santa’s left wrist before he even knew what was happening. He barely even struggled when Bobby turned him, pressed him to the wall and pulled his other wrist until he was cuffed with his arms behind his back and his miranda rights being read.

This was the last thing he needed when he’d taken a few hours of personal time to get his Christmas shopping done. But it wasn’t like he could walk past a brawl and not wade in.

“What the fuck?!” Santa spat the words and Bobby was surprised to smell no trace of alcohol on the man’s breath. Maybe he was on something stronger?

Surely the only reason that a group of santas would get into a fist fight in the overpriced shitty little Santa’s Workshop that stood in the centre of the mall was if one or more of them

were drunk or high.

“It was my fucking turf. I booked that gig months ago,” Santa said as he struggled against Bobby, who held his wrists tight by the cuffs.

All he did was manage to bash himself up against the wall a couple of times, the second time dislodging the large, fake white beard he had over his own greying scruff. If Bobby had thought the guy didn’t quite have a Santa feel before, now he was pretty sure the guy was a criminal. He had that look about him.

Neck tattoo of a half naked woman, a few nicks and dents that spoke of past fist fights. This was quite a character.

“Why the fuck are you arresting me? I didn’t even throw a punch!”

That gave Bobby a moment’s pause. This guy was roughed up and would have a nice shiner come morning, but the same couldn’t be said for the other santas.

“You’re about twice the size of any of them and half the age of most of them,” Bobby countered, “why would any of them pick a fight with you?”

“Such a fucking incredulous tone! Yes they picked a fight with me. But I’ve been trying to turn over a new leaf. Didn’t even headbutt the asshole that gave me this!” The cuffs jangled as he tried to point to his eye.

“Need a hand?” The mall cop that had been ineffectively dealing with the situation before Bobby had happened upon it, eyed them both up and down, frowning.

“Just a belligerent Santa,” Bobby dismissed with a sneer, “I think I can handle it.” He eyed up the security guard with all the disdain he felt for those sort of rent-a-cops.

“Ah ok,” the mall cop replied with a friendly smile. “Though you’ve arrested the wrong guy.” He nodded his head over towards where three elderly Santas were still beating the shit out of each other, one going down with a thud.

The mall cop chuckled as Bobby swore under his breath.

“Don’t worry. I’ve got this, happens all the time when the workshop is in action, they always mess up the bookings. Mall Santas can be very territorial.” The mall cop told Bobby, explaining it to him like he was a fucking child.

His own Santa chuckled as the mall cop wandered off to sort out the actual problem.

When Bobby turned his frown back to his Santa, the man jangled his cuffs again and Bobby huffed.

“Think you’re fucking clever,” he muttered.

After another chuckle Santa replied, “not really, but I think you’re fucking stupid. One of those hot head cops who shoots first and asks questions later.”

“Wish I had fucking shot you,” Bobby bit back as he unlocked the cuffs.

Santa made a show of rubbing his released wrists. “Ah, you’re that kinda cop.”

“What?” Bobby snapped, immediately regretting having risen to the bait.

With another chuckle Santa quirked a brow and took a pack of cigarettes out of the pocket of his big red coat and placed a cigarette behind his ear before going to put the packet away. At the last moment he stopped and offered the open packet to Bobby. He took one and mirrored the action, putting it behind his ear to smoke once he got out of this fucking place.

“Y’know, the ones compensating for a small dick. You get a gun that ain’t shooting blanks, perfect occupation.”

Bobby clenched his fists. Not just at the fucking attitude of this asshole but because of how hard it was making him. Why did he always get so fucking turned on when people pissed him off like this. People being hot, dangerous looking guys.

“Small dick, huh?” He growled at the challenge and pushed Santa backwards until he was against the wall again. But he didn’t stop, instead he continued on, until he was pressed against Santa. He raised a finger to his face, pointing at Santa and talking menacingly as he pushed their hips together. “Does that feeling fucking small to you?”

In truth, Bobby hadn’t thought about what reaction he might get with this bravado/stupidity. He had only been seeking to make a point.

As soon as he realised what he had done, he thought Santa might punch him. He knew he probably would have if the roles were reversed. What he didn’t expect in albeit quiet mall was for Santa to grab his cock and grin.

“Feels pretty good to me,” Santa growled the words with a grin and Bobby jumped back.

“I could arrest you for--”

Santa laughed and held up his hands. “For what? Being wrongfully detained? Harassed by an officer?”

“I’m a fucking detective,” Bobby spat.

Santa laughed, “not sure if that makes it better or worse.”

Shaking his head, Santa started to walk away, “well, at least that brightened my day a little.” He laughed.

*

Bobby shoved the gifts for his kids into the trunk of his car and grumbled under his breath, as he had been for the last hour since his encounter with the fucking Santa from hell. When he passed by the workshop on the way out of the mall it was a different Santa again and he

wondered whether there had been another turf war or if they had worked out some sort of rota.

His Santa wasn't there. Not that Bobby was looking for him.

And not that he fucking needed to.

Bobby had just turned out of the parking lot when he was forced to do a double take. There was a Santa on the corner of the street, bell in hand and bucket at his feet like something from a fucking movie.

He pulled the car so sharply to the curb that he nearly ended up rear-ended, a horn wailing past him as he came to a stop.

Bobby immediately got out of his car, ignoring more horns and slamming the door behind him before stalking over to the santa.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"Exactly what it fucking looks like," Santa replied with a grin.

Bobby hesitated for a moment, baffled by this total fucking idiot.

"You can't fucking do that. Do you have fucking permit?"

"You swear a fucking lot," Santa chuckled as a pulled the cigarette from behind his ear and lit it, sucking on it and blowing a puff in Bobby's face.

"Are you trying to get arrested?" Bobby demanded, trying to loom over the man who had at least an inch on him and was clearly not intimidated. Something Bobby wasn't used to. Which should have made him pause to think. Because in his experience there were only two types of people not intimidated him, really fucking stupid ones or really fucking dangerous ones.

"You gonna take me in, officer?" Santa was still grinning, holding his wrists out for cuffing, cigarette hanging from his mouth.

"It's detective, you prick."

*

"Is that all you've got, *Detective*?" Santa spat the words as he chuckled, bracing himself in the back of Bobby's car which was way too fucking small for this. All the same, Bobby's fingers dug into the man's hips as he fucked into him hard and rough.

"Shut the fuck up," Bobby growled as he continued to thrust, the sound of flesh hitting flesh echoing around the confined space.

Bobby had pulled the car into an abandoned warehouse lot and they'd barely managed to both get out of some of their clothing before they tumbled into the back seat. Santa had lost

his coat, and his red pants were around his knees. Bobby had lost his jacket for practicality sake but his pants were barely around his ass. Just enough to get his cock out and inside the literal asshole after some rough fingering.

“At least you’re as big as you claimed,” Santa’s chuckle became a moan when Bobby slowed his pace and instead pulled almost all the way out to slam back in hard and deep. “Fuck that’s good.”

Bobby throbbed at the words and almost fucking came. So he stopped for a moment, adjusted his position and then fucked back into the bafflingly willing man beneath him.

“You usually this big a whore?” Bobby seethed.

“Depends on who I’m whoring myself to,” Santa taunted and that made Bobby fuck him harder. Santa laughed, and Bobby continued to seeth, knowing Santa knew he’d got under Bobby’s skin. Because this guy might be some random asshole, again literally, but whilst Bobby was inside him, he was Bobby’s and he didn’t want to know any different.

“Want me to be your whore?” Another taunt from Santa but this time grunted and braced himself all the more as Bobby thrust over and over.

“I’ll be your whore, detective,” Santa growled.

Bobby’s legs went weak and he managed another couple of thrusts, then stilled. The words were all it took for Bobby to shoot his load deep inside Santa with a groan.

He collapsed over the man’s back, held up by the solid mass of it as he heard slick sounds and felt movement. But it wasn’t until Santa’s ass squeezed tight around his dick that he realised the man had been jerking off and was now coming all over his back seat.

“Fuck,” Bobby spat, eyes tight shut as the pressure became too much. He took hold of the base of the condom as he pulled his cock out, making sure to take it with him even if he then did just deposit it in the footwell. He leaned back against the closed door behind him, panting as Santa collapsed onto the seat.

“You’re big fucking trouble aren’t you,” Bobby growled.

Santa chuckled, “just easily spot a guy in need of a good hate fuck, and I was feeling charitable. Christmas spirit and all that shit. Besides, I wanted to find out if you really did have a big cock.” He rummaged for his pocket, took out a cigarette and lit it, filling the car with smoke. “Didn’t disappoint either.

Something within Bobby snapped then. His near permanent frown unfurled and he started to laugh.

Five Years Later

“I wish you’d fucking stay out of trouble, Nigel. You’re gonna start making things complicated. Not sure my bosses would like me associating with a known felon.”

“Hey” Nigel protested, “I turned over a new leaf before I even met you. Would I take shitty jobs like this otherwise? Would you love it half as much if I wasn’t a little bit of trouble?” He lit two cigarettes and passed one to Bobby. “Besides, I was telling the truth, I did book that gig months ago. Those old fuckers think they can come along and hoof me out. Happens every fucking year.”

Bobby shook his head, then took a drag on his cigarette.

“One of these days, you’re just gonna have to admit you’ve got a thing for getting fucked whilst dressed as Santa.”

Nigel hummed and grabbed hold of Bobby’s crotch. “Maybe, *officer*.”

Bobby growled and slammed Nigel down onto the hood of his car.

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